

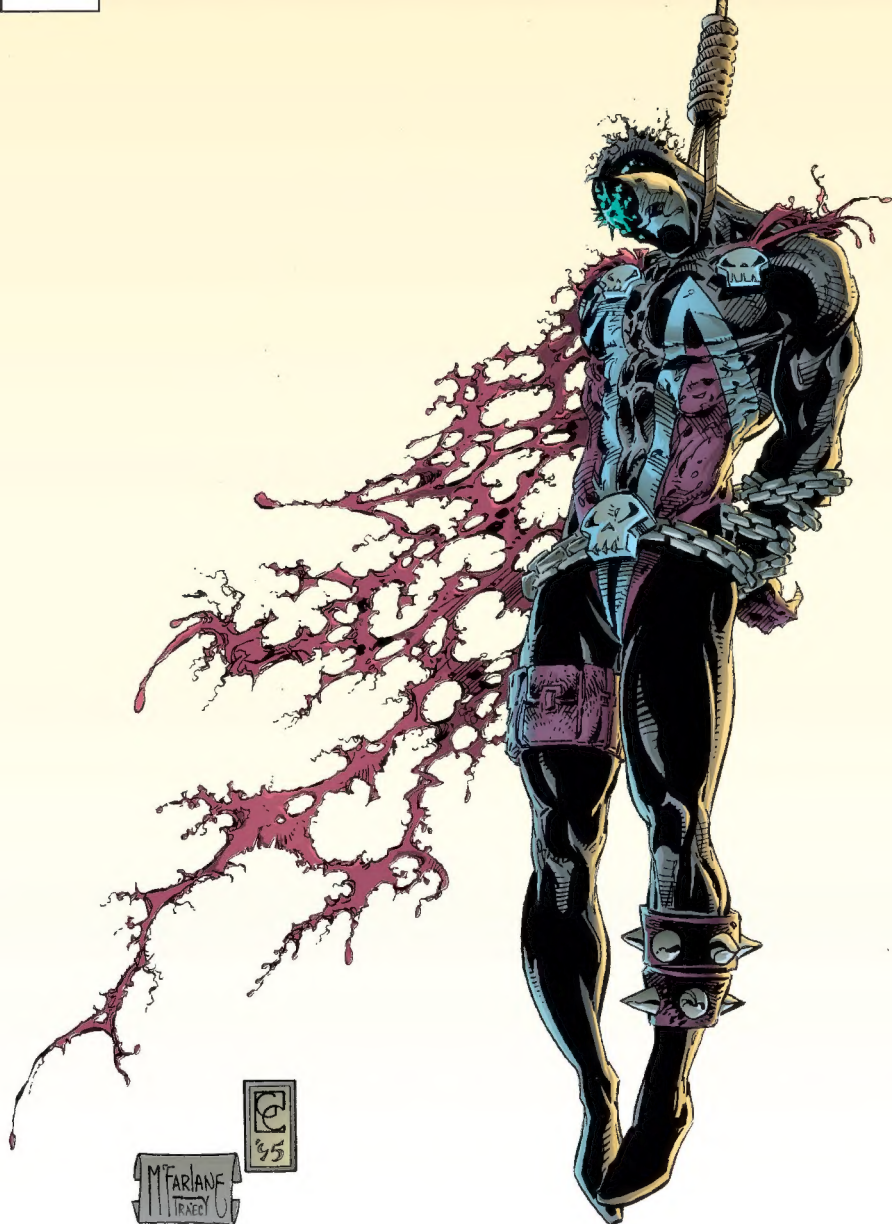


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**30**  
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DIGITAL  
EDITION

# SPAWN®



M. FARIANE  
DIRECTOR  
OLIFF



**image** COMICS PRESENTS:

# "THE CLAN"



story

**TODD McFARLANE**

art

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A Special Thanks to:

**KEVIN CONRAD**

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**TOM ORZECOWSKI**

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**STEVE OLIFF**  
and **OLYOPTICS**

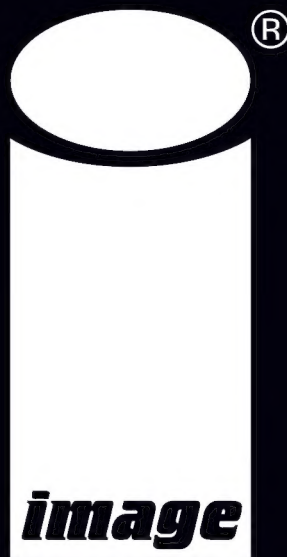
Dedicated to:  
**Little Katie and Cyan**

FOR IMAGE COMICS

LARRY MARDER - exec. director    TONY LOBITO - publisher

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I CAN HEAR THE DEVIL  
LAUGHING AT ME.

I'VE BEEN AWAKE AND  
WALKING FOR EIGHT DAYS  
STRAIGHT. HAVEN'T SEEN  
ANOTHER SOUL IN ALL  
THAT TIME.

I LIKE IT  
THAT WAY.

MY COSTUME IS  
THROBBING. IT'S ANGRY.  
IT WANTS TO TELEPORT  
US BACK TO NEW YORK--  
BACK HOME.

I DON'T WANT TO USE  
UP THAT MUCH ENERGY.

I THINK ABOUT THOSE  
KIDS IN ALABAMA... AND  
THEIR DAD. I MIGHT'VE  
OVERDONE IT, PLAYING  
WITH THEIR LIVES THAT WAY...  
PLAYING GOD, ALMOST...  
BUT THAT GUY NEEDED TO  
BE TOLD OFF AND I'M  
SURE HE GOT THE MESSAGE.\*

AND I CAN'T STOP  
THINKING ABOUT WOMEN.

WANDA...

ANGELA...

\* NOT QUITE.  
SEE LAST ISSUE--Tom.



6:9:9:7





WANDA... I BARGAINED MY SOUL  
TO GET YOU BACK, BUT WHAT  
THANKS DID I GET FOR SAVING  
YOUR LIFE? YOU PULLED  
AWAY! YOU SAID I  
"SCARE" YOU!

WAS I  
SUPPOSED TO  
BE GENTLE  
WITH THOSE  
CREEPS WHO  
ATTACKED  
YOU?

THEN ANGELA  
CATCHES ME IN THE DARK...  
ONE THING LEADS TO  
ANOTHER...!

SHE CAME  
ON TO ME, WANDA!  
NO ONE EVER  
WARNED ME ABOUT  
ANGELS.

BUT SOME  
ANGEL DUMPED  
ME SOMEHOW IN  
THE MIDDLE OF  
NOWHERE COUNTY,  
ALABAMA.\*  
SEE YA AROUND,  
SOLDIER. SO  
I WALKED.

IN A MONTH I'VE  
WALKED NEARLY  
A THOUSAND  
MILES, AND  
EVERY TOWN'S  
THE SAME.

PEOPLE  
ARE THE  
SAME.

LIKE THE  
CARS THAT GO  
BY-- DIFFERENT  
SHAPES,  
DIFFERENT  
COLORS. SAME  
NOISE.

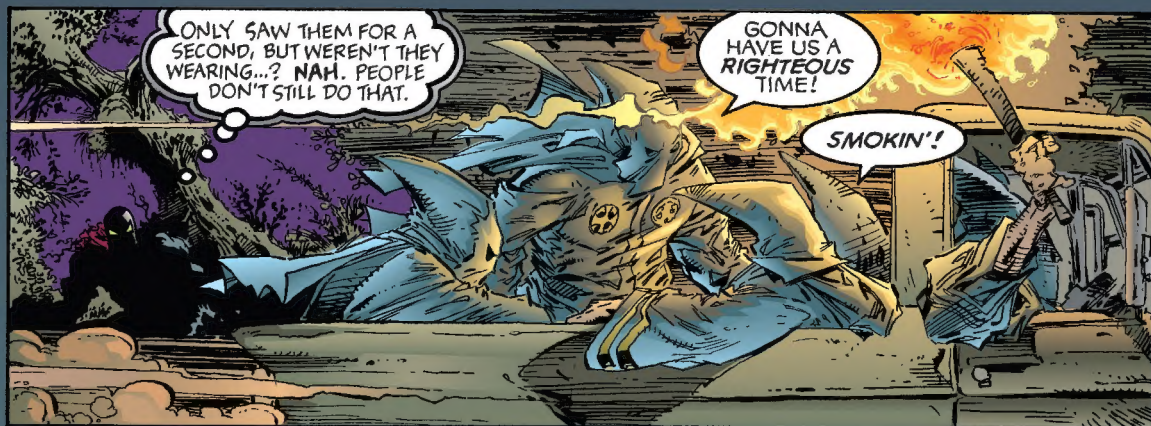
\* ANGELA MINI-SERIES,  
ISSUE 3-- Tom.

WHAT'S THIS NOW--  
BOY'S NIGHT OUT?  
CARRYING TORCHES TO  
LIGHT THE WAY? MUST  
BE FRIDAY. PROBABLY  
GONNA BE A REAL  
BARN-BURNER.

WAH-  
HOOOOO!

GET IT  
WHILE  
IT'S  
HOT!

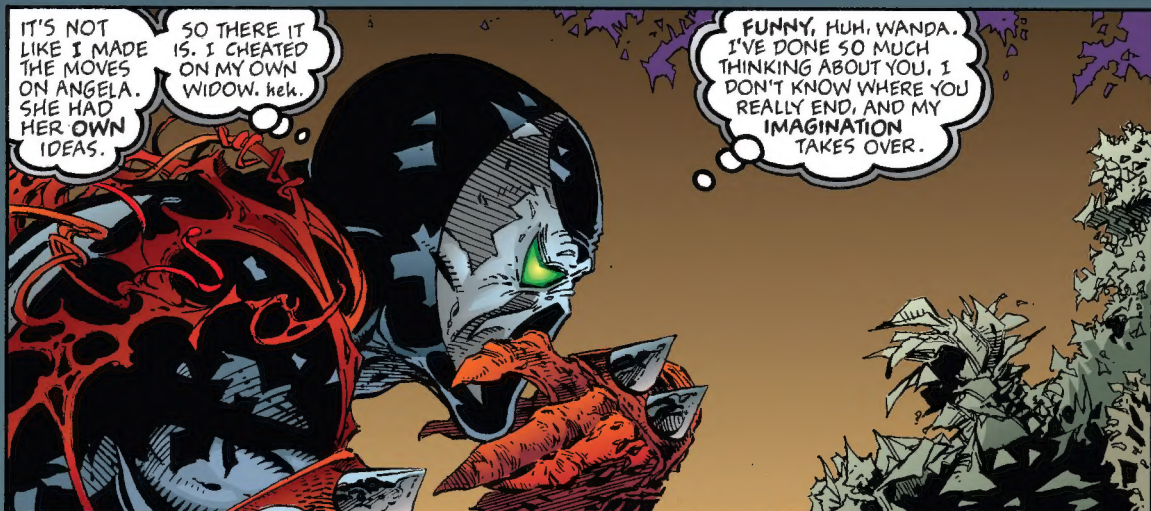




ONLY SAW THEM FOR A SECOND, BUT WEREN'T THEY WEARING...? NAH. PEOPLE DON'T STILL DO THAT.

GONNA HAVE US A RIGHTEOUS TIME!

SMOKIN'!



IT'S NOT LIKE I MADE THE MOVES ON ANGELA. SHE HAD HER OWN IDEAS.

SO THERE IT IS. I CHEATED ON MY OWN WIDOW. heh.

FUNNY, HUH, WANDA. I'VE DONE SO MUCH THINKING ABOUT YOU, I DON'T KNOW WHERE YOU REALLY END, AND MY IMAGINATION TAKES OVER.



WELL, TOWN'S OVER THE RISE. MAYBE I'LL LOOK IN ON THE PARTY. MIGHT TAKE MY MIND OFF THINGS.

Oh, WANDA. MAYBE IT'S BEST IF I JUST LEAVE HER BE.



WHOA!! TOO MUCH LIGHT UP AHEAD... A WOMAN SCREAMING. I'D BETTER CHECK THIS OUT.



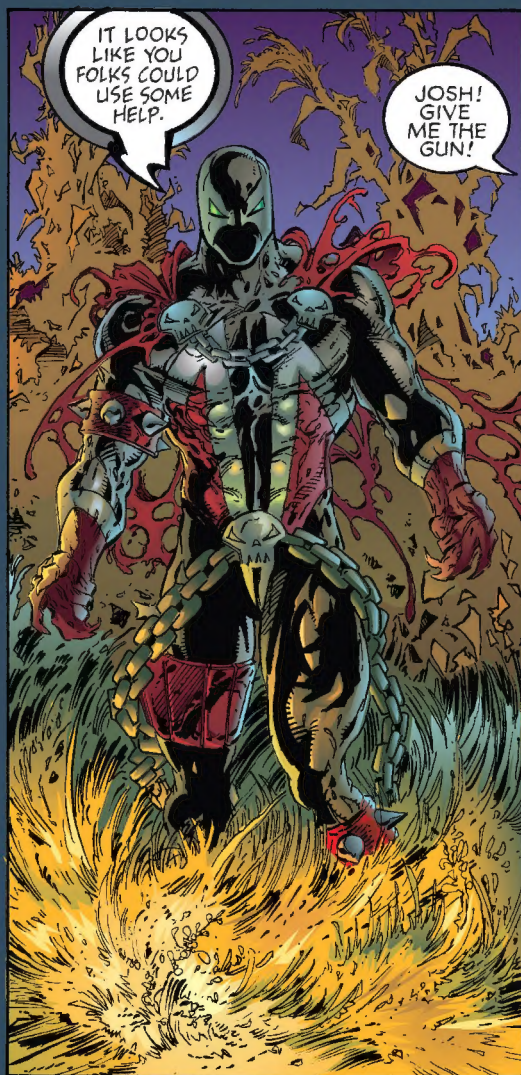






THOSE  
WHITE-TRASH  
MAGGOTS! I  
SWEAR THEY'LL  
PAY FOR THIS. IF  
IT'S THE LAST  
THING I DO,  
THEY'LL PAY.

NOT WITH ME AROUND,  
YOU WON'T. I CAN'T LIVE  
LIKE THIS ANYMORE.  
YOU'VE BECOME  
POSSESSED!



IT LOOKS  
LIKE YOU  
FOLKS COULD  
USE SOME  
HELP.

JOSH!  
GIVE  
ME THE  
GUN!



MOVE  
AND I'LL  
KILL  
YOU!

I'M  
UNARMED.



GOOD  
FOR YOU.

I GOT A  
MESSAGE YOU  
CAN TAKE BACK TO  
YOUR CLAN FRIENDS.  
YOU TELL 'EM TO  
BEWARE, 'CAUSE  
I AIN'T GOIN'  
NOWHERE.

THIS IS MY  
LAND!! I'LL DIE  
PROTECTING  
IT!



I'M NOT  
FROM THE  
KLAN.

THEN  
WHY DO  
YOU  
WEAR A  
MASK?

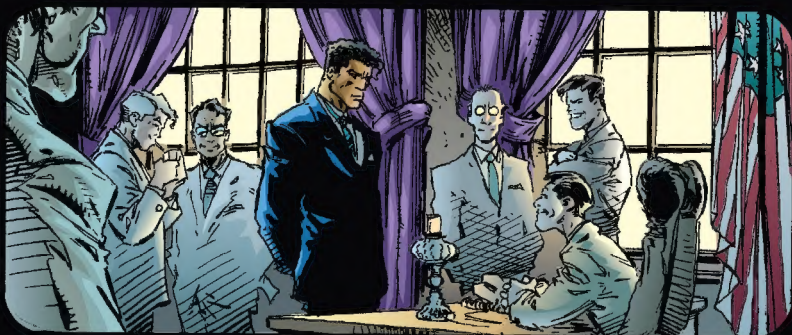
WHO  
ARE YOU?  
WHAT  
ARE YOU  
HIDING?



MY  
PAST.



YOU SEE, I'VE DEALT WITH THE WHITE MAN, TOO. THOSE BOYS ARE ALWAYS IN THE POWER POSITIONS, READY TO USE AND ABUSE THE BLACK COMMUNITY. SOMEHOW, WE'RE NEVER GOOD ENOUGH TO DO THE SKILLED WORK, BUT, GOD, HOW THEY LOVE US PICKING UP THEIR GARBAGE.



WHENEVER THE BACKLASH COMES, THEY SHRINK BACK INTO THEIR HOLES, MAKING US AS THE TARGETS FOR PUBLIC SCRUTINY. THE SACRIFICIAL LAMBS. THE BLACK SHEEP.

AND WHEN CONFRONTED, THEY GIVE THAT SAME PLASTIC SMILE -- AND TELL US TO BE PATIENT.



THE BEST WE GET IS THE GOVERNMENT QUOTAS-- FORCING THEM TO HIRE MINORITIES FOR BOGUS POSITIONS.

MY FRIEND TERRY BECAME ONE OF THEIR TOKEN BLACKS.



IF WE TRY TO LEAVE, THEY JUST REPLACE US WITH THE NEXT ONE WHO WAS LET INTO THE LINE...

...SOMEONE FAR TOO EAGER TO PLEASE TO EVEN NOTICE THE DANGER SIGNALS.

SO BELIEVE ME, I UNDERSTAND YOUR ANGER ... BUT THEY'VE ONLY TORCHED YOUR FIELDS.

WHEN THEY'D HAD ALL THEY COULD STOMACH OF ME, THEY TORCHED SOMETHING FAR MORE PRECIOUS.



THAT'S WHY I WEAR THE MASK. BECAUSE OF THEM.



JEEZ! LOOKIT YOU,  
YOU'RE SOME KINDA  
**MONSTER!**

THANKS TO  
THEM.

PUT THAT GUN  
AWAY AND LET  
THE MAN TALK,  
BRAD! CAN'T  
YOU SEE HE'S  
SUFFERED  
**TOO?**

HE DON'T **KNOW** SUFFERIN'!  
WE GOT THE KLUXERS TRYIN' TA  
RUN US OFF LAND THAT WAS  
OWNED BY MY GRAMPA!

AIN'T **NO** WAY  
SOME CLOWNS  
IN PILLOWS AN'  
SHEETS ARE  
GONNA GET THE  
ARMSTRONGS  
OUT! I'LL TAKE  
THIS TO THE  
**COURTS** IF I  
GOTTA! THIS  
IS AMERICA,  
DAMMIT!

THOSE MEN  
AREN'T INTER-  
ESTED IN THE  
LAW. THEY'RE  
ARMED AND  
THEY OUT-  
NUMBER YOU.  
YOU SHOULD  
LISTEN TO YOUR  
WIFE. **NO GOOD**  
CAN COME OF  
THIS.

THE NEXT NIGHT...

**BRETHREN!**  
YOU ALL KNOW WHY  
WE'RE HERE. IT'S TIME  
TO FINALLY RID OUR FAIR  
COUNTY OF THE LAST OF THE  
HOLD-OUT NEGROS. ONE MORE  
**CONVINCING** PUSH AND THE  
ARMSTRONGS SHOULD  
BE ON THEIR WAY.

LET'S SEE  
HOW THEY  
REACT TO  
A LITTLE  
**CLEANSING**  
FIRE.

HALLELUJAH  
AND AMEN,  
BROTHER!

WE'LL  
MEET AT  
JERRY'S  
BARN IN  
THREE HOURS.  
COME PRE-  
PARED.



WHILE BEING TRAINED AS A  
COMMANDO, A NINJA, AND  
AN ASSASSIN, AL SIMMONS  
LEARNED TO MAKE DO WITH  
THE MATERIALS AT HAND.



**BWA-  
SHOOM!**



LEAVE THE  
ARMSTRONG  
RANCH  
ALONE!

HANH?

er...





NOW  
WHAT  
THE HELL  
WAS  
**THAT?!**

NEVER  
SEEN  
HIM  
BEFORE.

WELL, SOME-  
HOW HE KNEW  
ABOUT OUR  
PLANS TONIGHT.  
**THAT SHOULDN'T  
BE!**

WELL, BRING  
HIM HERE. I WANT  
TO SEE IF WE SHOT  
SOME **COLORED**  
PSYCHO WITH A  
DEATHWISH-- OR IF  
WE HAVE A  
**TRAITOR** IN OUR  
MIDST.

WHAT'S  
WRONG,  
GUYS?

UNG!  
/

GRUNT!

THE GUY  
WEIGHS  
A TON!

IDIOTS!  
LET ME  
JUST SEE  
HIS FACE.



**HKKK!**

IT'S STUCK!  
THE FRIGGING  
THING WON'T  
**BUDGE!**

FORGET  
IT!

FETCH  
THE **CHAIN**  
FROM THE  
TRUNK.

LET'S  
FINISH THIS  
PROPERLY.





JOHNNY,  
PETER, GET  
HIM DOWN  
FIRST THING  
IN THE  
MORNING.

I DON'T WANT  
THE EVIDENCE  
HANGING AROUND  
TOO LONG.



NEW  
YORK  
CITY.

PERFECT!

JUST PERFECT!  
I GAVE MYSELF A  
BLEEDING ULCER TRYING  
TO BUILD A CASE AGAINST  
BILLY KINCAID...

SPK SPK SPK

... AND WHAT  
HAPPENS...? SOME  
COSTUMED FREAK  
LEAVES HIM IN MY OFFICE...  
DEAD, NAKED, AND  
SWADDLED IN  
CHAINS.

COVER  
MY BUTT,  
TWITCH!

YES,  
SIR.

BLAM  
BLAM  
BLAM

BLAM  
BLAM

SO NOW  
I FIND  
THAT CHIEF  
BANKS  
HIRED THE  
KID KILLER  
HIMSELF.\*

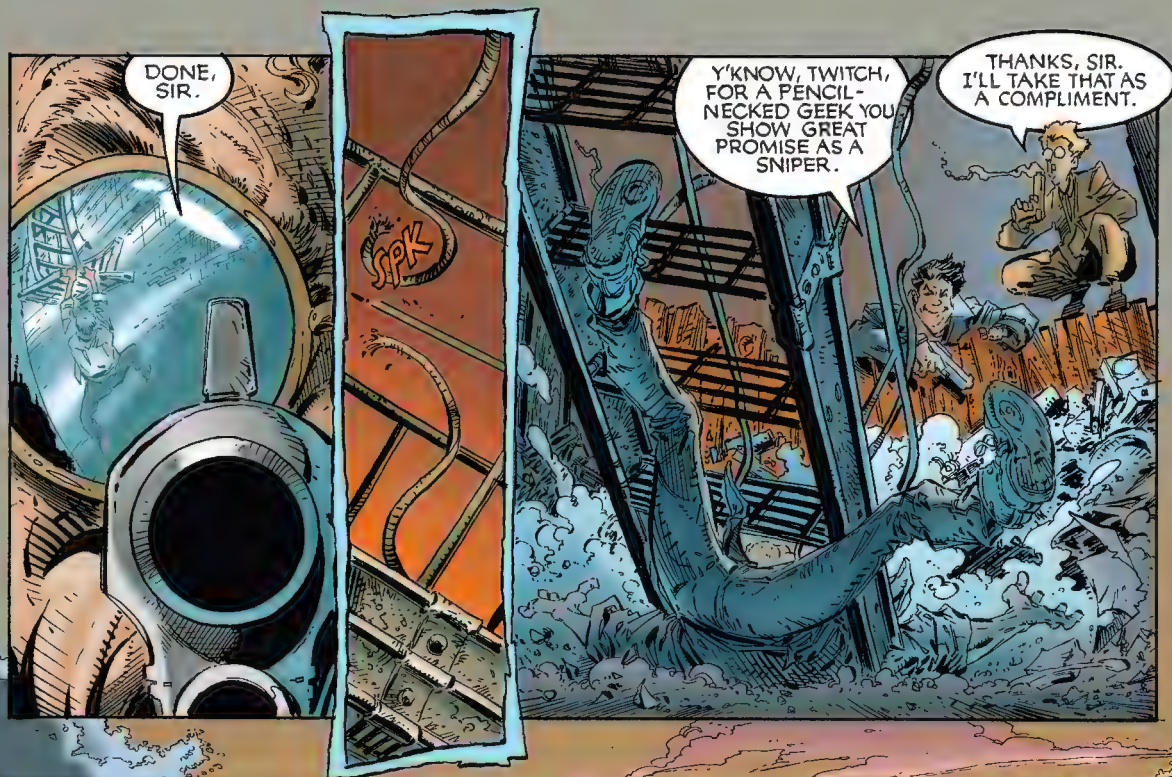
PUFF

PUFF

IF THAT  
FILE *SPAWN*  
GAVE US IS  
TO BE  
BELIEVED,  
THE CHIEF'S  
CAREER IS  
FINISHED.

SPEAKING  
OF WHICH...  
THINK YOU  
CAN FINISH  
THIS...?





DONE,  
SIR.

Y'KNOW, TWITCH,  
FOR A PENCIL-  
NECKED GEEK YOU  
SHOW GREAT  
PROMISE AS A  
SNIPER.

THANKS, SIR.  
I'LL TAKE THAT AS  
A COMPLIMENT.

WHILE DETECTIVES BURKE  
AND WILLIAMS SEARCH FOR A WAY  
TO EXPOSE THEIR SUPERIOR'S  
**BRAD ARMSTRONG** IS MAKING  
A SICKENING DISCOVERY...



DEAR  
GOD-- NOT  
YOU, TOO?!

DAMN THOSE  
MURDERERS!



YOU  
CALLED? DROP THE GUN, ARM-  
STRONG, OR I'LL GIVE  
YOU A THIRD EYE THE  
SIZE OF A GRAPEFRUIT.

YOU MEAN  
WATERMELON.

HAR-HAR.  
GOOD ONE.

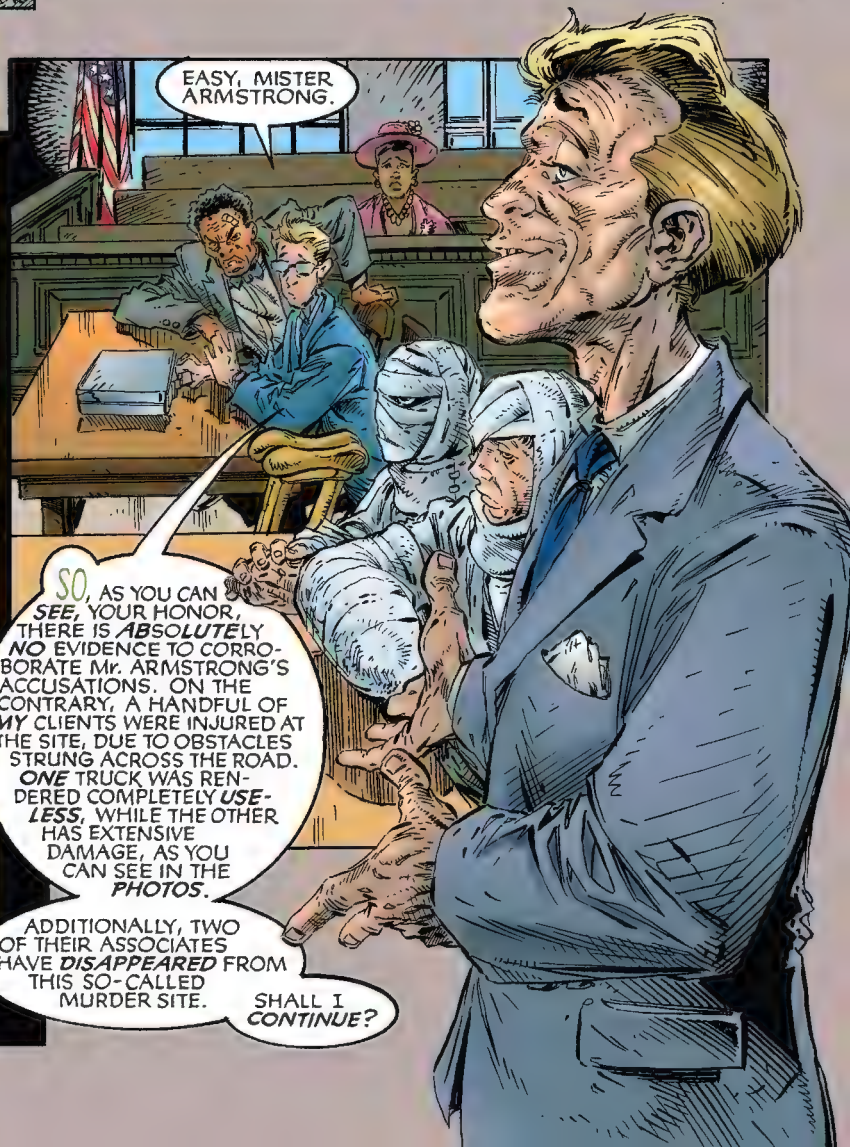
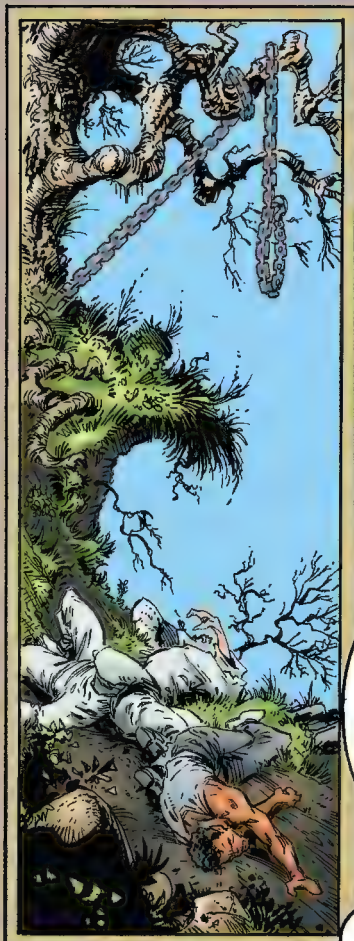
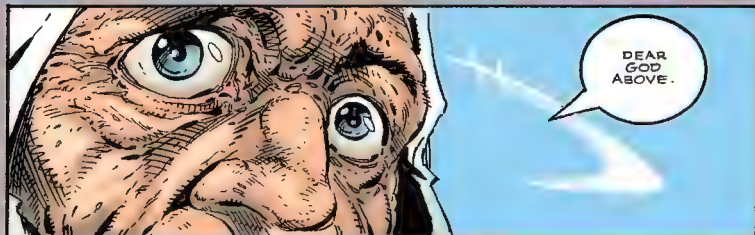
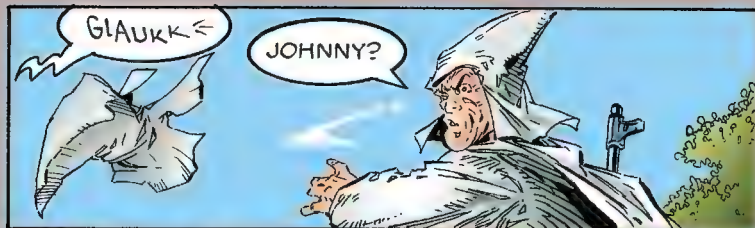
I'LL  
KILL  
YOU!



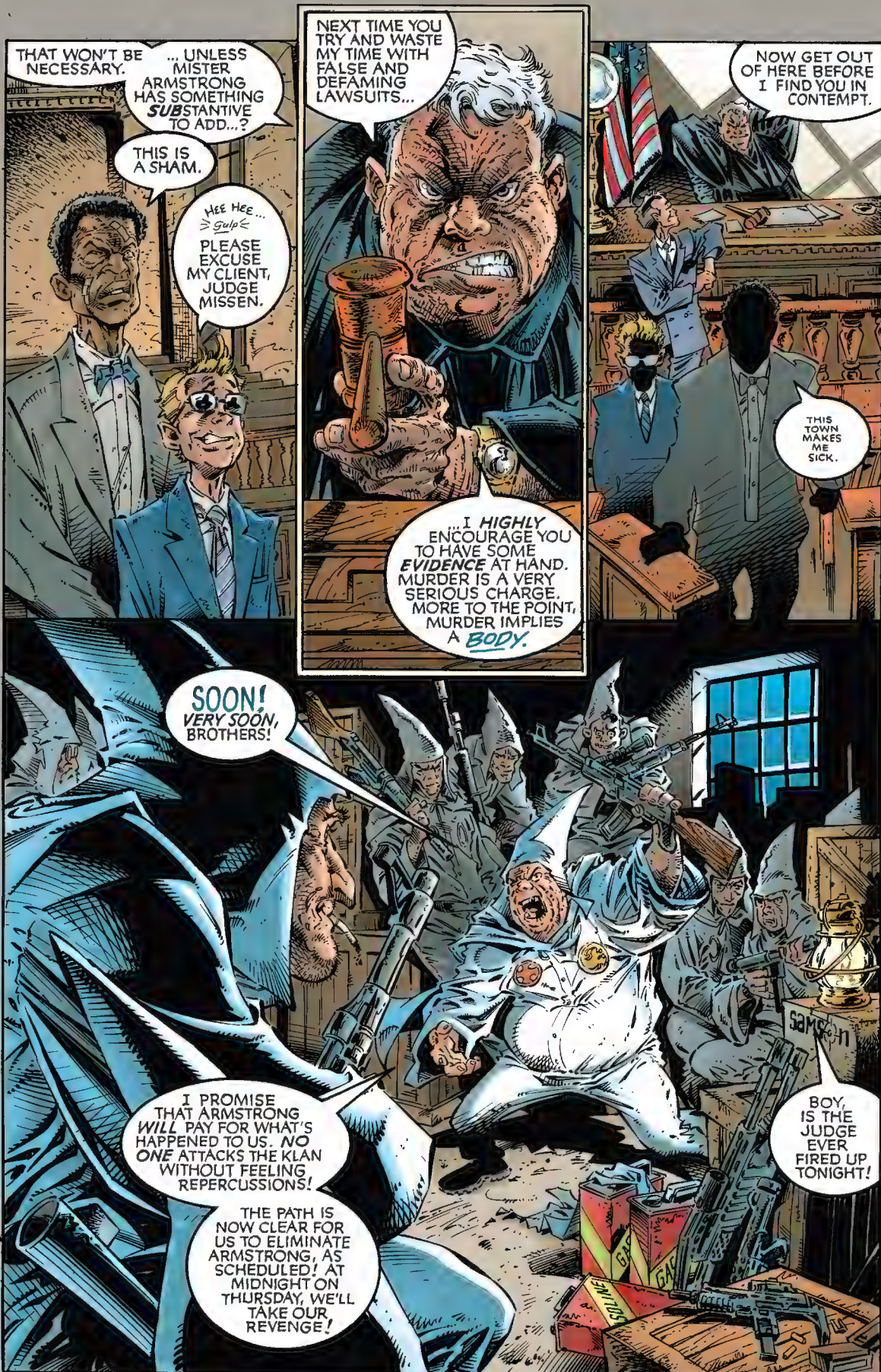
TELL US  
ANOTHER ONE,  
YOU BLACK-FACED  
MONKEY. IF YOU  
HAD ANY BRAINS  
YOU'D'VE MOVED  
MONTHS AGO--

-- AND  
TAKEN  
YOUR  
MUTANT  
SON AND  
SLUT WIFE  
WITH  
YOU.









THAT WON'T BE NECESSARY.

... UNLESS MISTER ARMSTRONG HAS SOMETHING **SUBSTANTIVE** TO ADD...?

THIS IS A SHAM.

HEE HEE...  
≡ Gulp ≡

PLEASE EXCUSE MY CLIENT, JUDGE MISSEN.

NEXT TIME YOU TRY AND WASTE MY TIME WITH FALSE AND DEFAMING LAWSUITS...

... I HIGHLY ENCOURAGE YOU TO HAVE SOME **EVIDENCE** AT HAND. MURDER IS A VERY SERIOUS CHARGE. MORE TO THE POINT, MURDER IMPLIES A **BODY**.

NOW GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE I FIND YOU IN CONTEMPT.

THIS TOWN MAKES ME SICK.

**SOON!**  
VERY SOON, BROTHERS!

I PROMISE THAT ARMSTRONG WILL PAY FOR WHAT'S HAPPENED TO US. NO ONE ATTACKS THE KLAN WITHOUT FEELING REPERCUSSIONS!

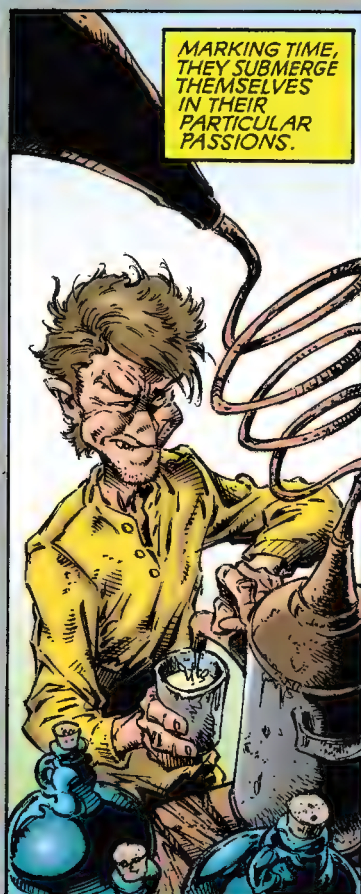
THE PATH IS NOW CLEAR FOR US TO ELIMINATE ARMSTRONG, AS SCHEDULED! AT MIDNIGHT ON THURSDAY, WE'LL TAKE OUR REVENGE!

BOY, IS THE JUDGE EVER FIRED UP TONIGHT!





AS THE DEADLINE  
DRAWS NEAR, THE  
KLAN MEMBERS  
GO ABOUT THEIR  
DAILY ROUTINES.



MARKING TIME,  
THEY SUBMERGE  
THEMSELVES  
IN THEIR  
PARTICULAR  
PASSIONS.



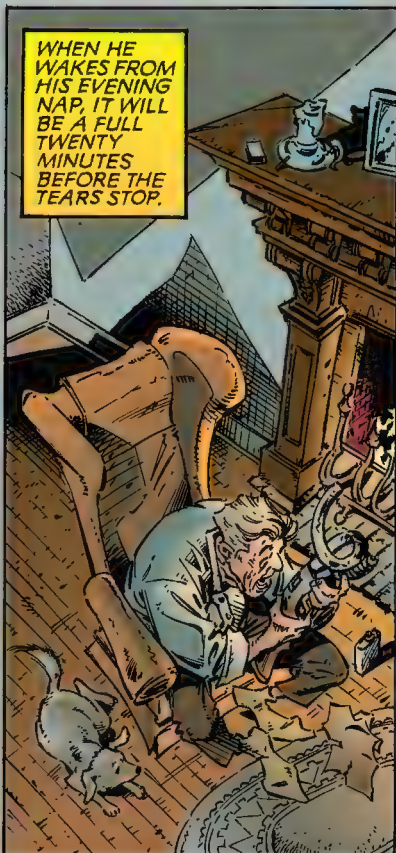
THEY'LL SOON  
KNOW WHAT  
IT'S LIKE TO  
HAVE THAT  
PRIMARY FOCUS  
TAKEN AWAY.



MICHAEL BALT  
CLEANS AND  
CARESSES HIS  
WEBLEY-FOSBERRY  
.455 AUTOMATIC  
REVOLVER TWICE A  
DAY. HE TREATS IT  
LIKE A MUCH-LOVED  
MISTRESS.



IT COST HIM OVER  
FIVE THOUSAND  
DOLLARS. HIS  
DEVOTION IS A  
TOUCHING THING  
TO BEHOLD.



WHEN HE  
WAKES FROM  
HIS EVENING  
NAP, IT WILL  
BE A FULL  
TWENTY  
MINUTES  
BEFORE THE  
TEARS STOP.



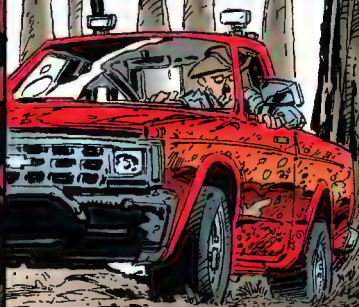
IT TOOK HIM NEARLY TWO YEARS OF SAVING TO MAKE THE DOWN PAYMENT, BUT IT WAS WORTH THE WAIT.

RAY CRABTREE, JR., IS NOW THE PROUD OWNER OF THE MOST POWERFUL 4-BY-4 IN THE COUNTY.

TODAY HE PLANS ON PUTTING HIS NEW TREASURE THROUGH ITS PACES.

**YEE HAH!**  
**KRAK!!**

AFTER TODAY, HIS FRIENDS WILL TORMENT HIM WITH THE NEW NICK-NAME "2-BY-2."



AND IN JUDGE ZACHERY MISSENS' CHAMBERS...



I'VE BEEN WAITING, JUDGE.

TIME WE HAD A MEETING OF THE MINDS. THURSDAY. JUST BEFORE MIDNIGHT. AT THE ARMSTRONG RANCH. COME ALONE.

I DON'T CARE WHAT'S HAPPENED TO EVERYONE ELSE! GIVE ME A TEN MINUTE HEAD START-- THEN SEND IN THE CAVALRY.





BY THE TIME THURSDAY ARRIVES, PARANOIA HAS GRIPPED THE ENTIRE CLOAKED CONGREGATION.

A BLOOD LUST HAS SUPPLANTED RATIONAL THOUGHT.

WHERE ARE YOU, SPOOK? **SHOW YOURSELF!!**

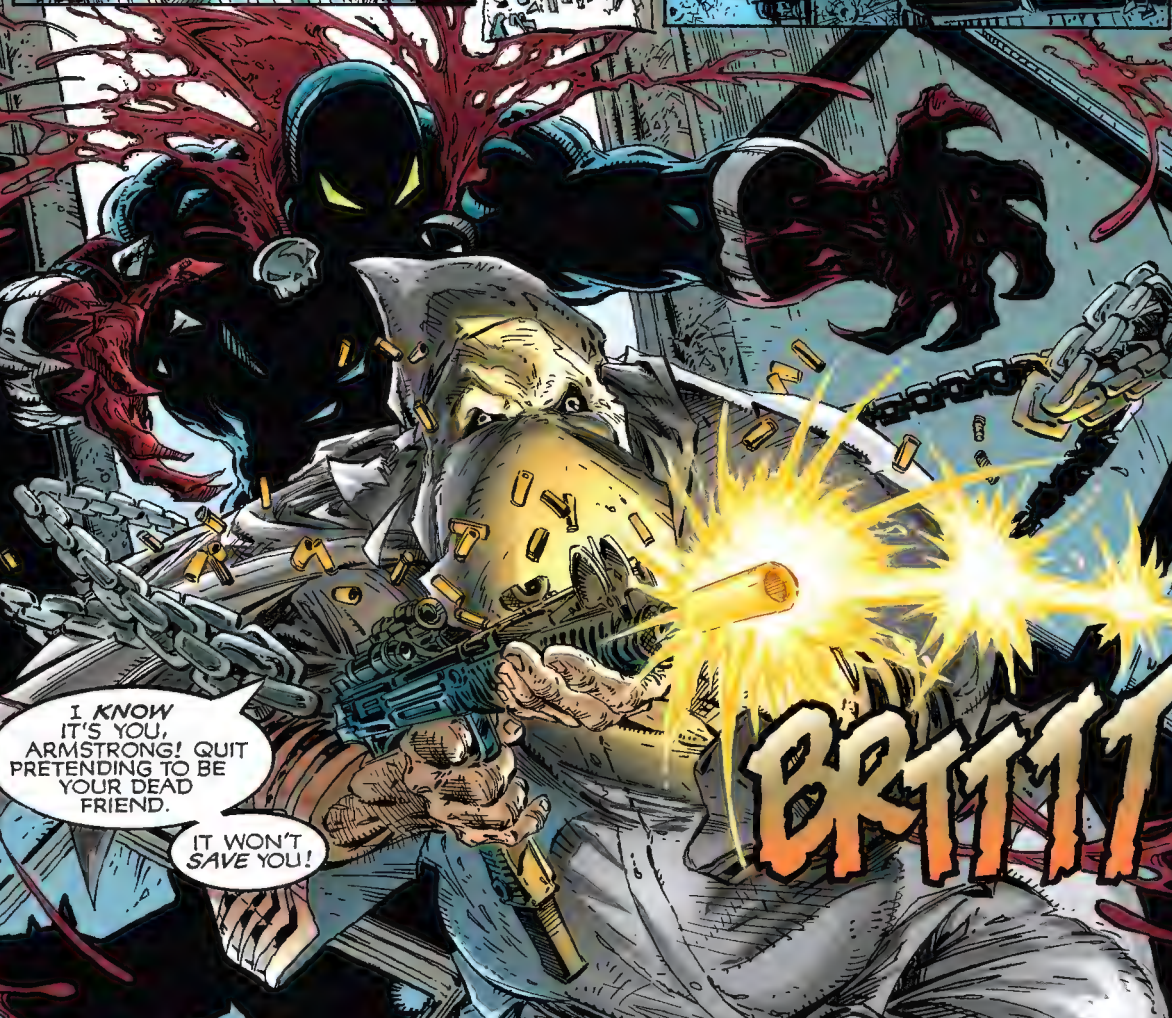
SOMETHING FALLS, BEHIND HIM.

Wha...?

**KRAACK!**

**KSHAK!**

**BRTTT**



I KNOW IT'S YOU, ARMSTRONG! QUIT PRETENDING TO BE YOUR DEAD FRIEND.

IT WON'T SAVE YOU!

**BRTTTT**





WHO'S PRETENDING?

WHAT DO YOU WANT?

MORE THAN YOU CAN GIVE, REDNECK.

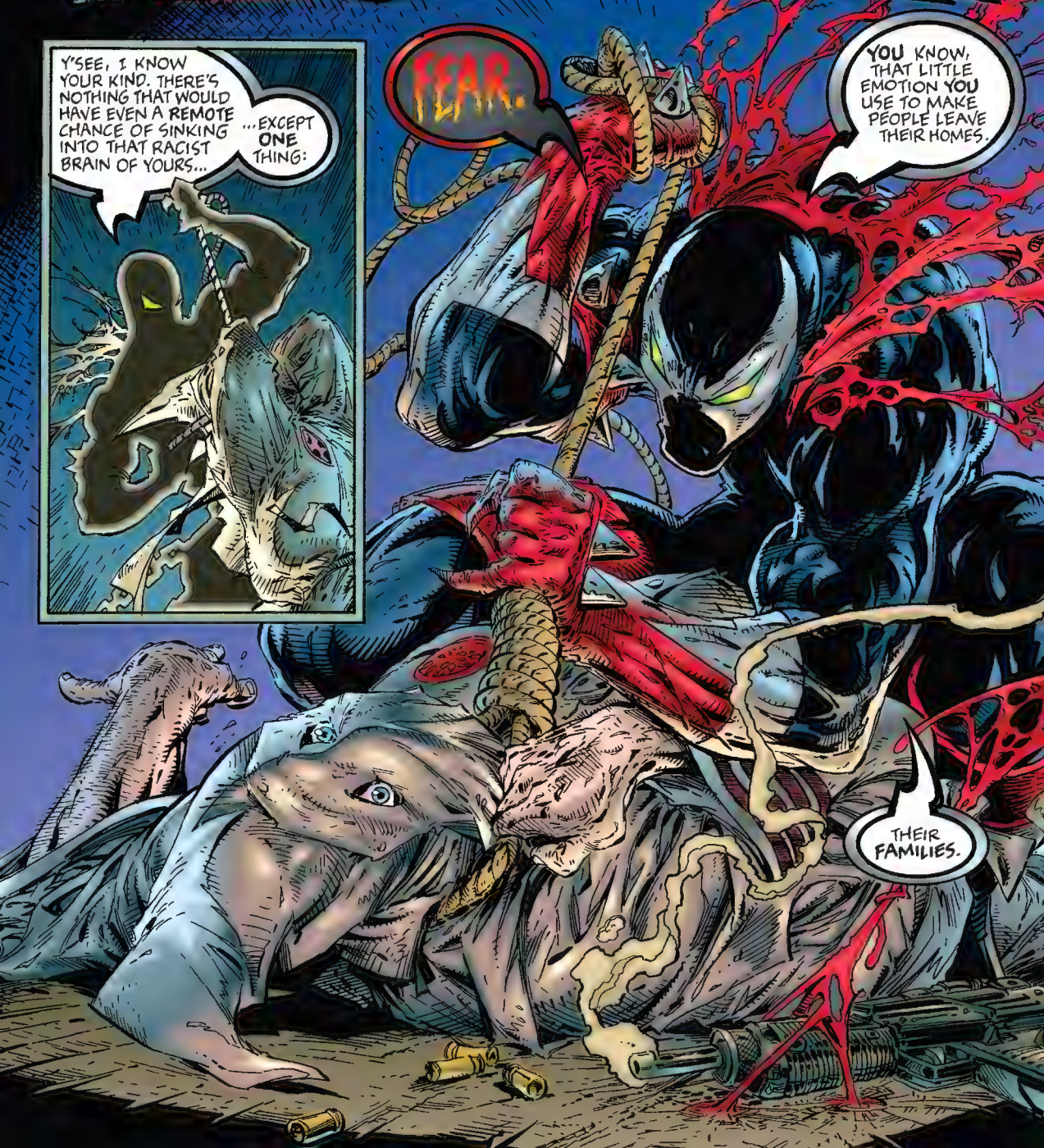


Y'SEE, I KNOW YOUR KIND. THERE'S NOTHING THAT WOULD HAVE EVEN A REMOTE CHANCE OF SINKING INTO THAT RACIST BRAIN OF YOURS...

...EXCEPT ONE THING:


FEAR.

YOU KNOW, THAT LITTLE EMOTION YOU USE TO MAKE PEOPLE LEAVE THEIR HOMES.



THEIR FAMILIES.





BUT THAT  
DOESN'T  
BOTHER YOU,  
DOES IT,  
JUDGE.

WELL,  
HERE'S  
SOMETHING  
THAT  
MIGHT.



YOUR  
LIFE. I CAN  
EASILY  
SNUFF IT OUT.  
LUCKY FOR  
YOU...

?

OH. YOUR  
BOYS  
HAVE FINALLY  
ARRIVED.



THAT'S RIGHT,  
**FOOL!** AND THAT  
MEANS YOU'RE A  
**DEAD MAN!** YOU  
MUST HAVE FORGOTTEN  
ABOUT MY FRIENDS.



THEN  
LET'S JUST  
SEE HOW  
WELL YOUR  
**"FRIENDS"**  
KNOW YOU.

RAYS OF GREENISH  
LIGHT FLASH  
INTENSELY FOR  
THREE SECONDS.

LOST IN THE COMMOTION OF  
SHOUTED ORDERS AND SCREECHING  
TIRES IS A SINGLE UNHEARD SCREAM.

IN A FEW MOMENTS, THEY  
WILL FIND ONLY ONE  
PERSON INSIDE.

THE OTHER  
HAS VANISHED  
LIKE A GHOST.







SOMEWHERE  
NOT FAR AWAY...

AFTER YOUR COURT CASE I COULD SEE YOU WERE JUST GOING TO GET SCREWED, SO I TOOK THE LIBERTY OF EAVESDROPPING ON THEIR MEETING. I KNEW JUDGE MISSEN WOULDN'T BE BRAVE ENOUGH TO MEET ME ALONE.

SO I TURNED UP THE HEAT A LITTLE.

BUT YOU'LL NEED MORE THAN THAT, BRAD.

HERE'S A FILE CONTAINING DETAILED DOCUMENTS. THEY SHOW HOW LAND WAS ILLEGALLY PROCURED THROUGH EXTORTION AND FORCE. THE JUDGE KEPT PRETTY EXTENSIVE NOTES.



HIS MISTAKE.

NO BODY OF GOVERNMENT OUTSIDE THIS COUNTY WILL DISREGARD THESE FACTS.



WITH THESE IN THE HANDS OF THE STATE JUDICIARY, YOU WON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT BEING RUN OFF YOUR LAND. YOUR FRIENDS WILL GET BACK WHAT'S RIGHTFULLY THEIRS.

OUR PEOPLE WILL RETURN.

I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY, STRANGER...

THANK YOU.

DON'T KNOW HOW YOU SURVIVED, BUT GOD SURELY DOES MOVE IN MYSTERIOUS WAYS.

I HOPE THE JUDGE DON'T CAUSE NO MORE PROBLEMS.



I THINK HE GOT THE MESSAGE.









Tyrant  
Lizard  
King

EMPIRE